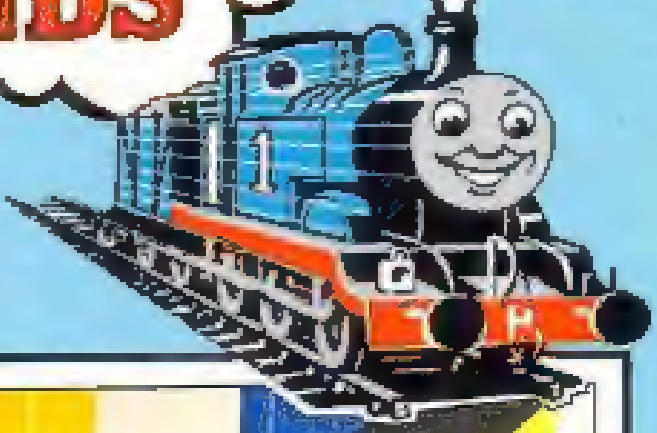
THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE & FRIENDS



THOMAS & TERENCE

JAMES & THE TAR WAGONS

Based on *The Railway Series* by The Rev W Awdry

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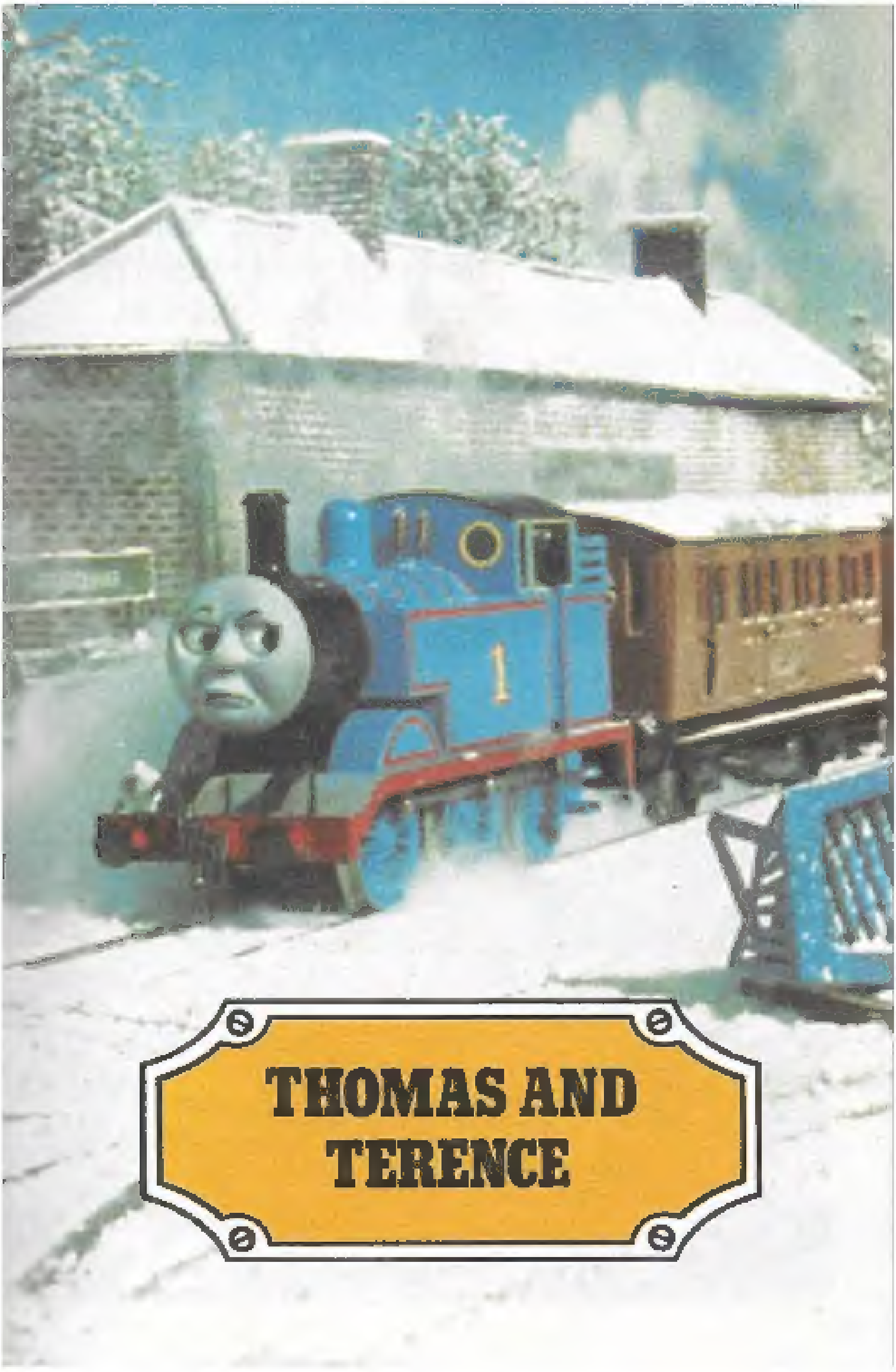
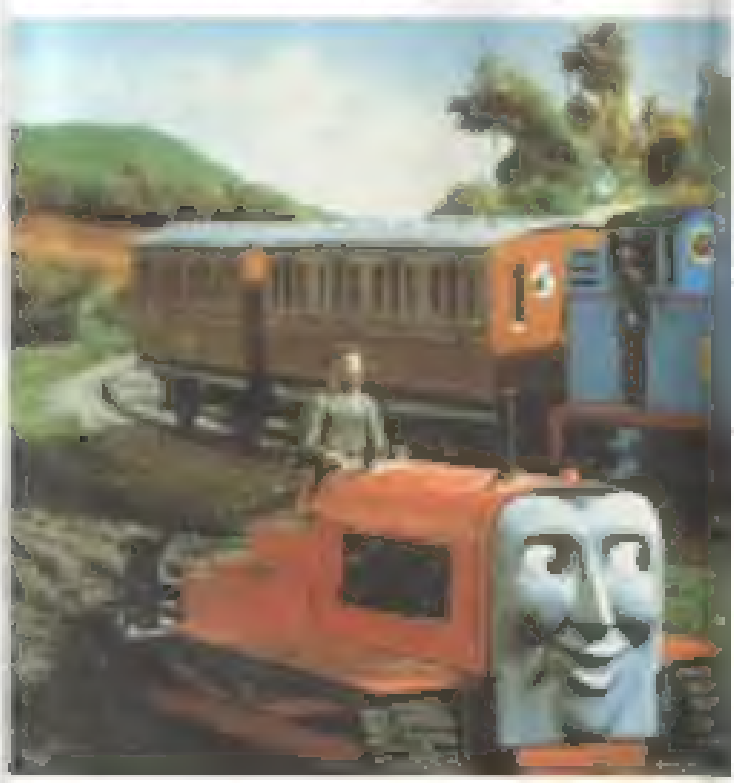


THOMAS AND TERENCE

Thomas and Terence

Autumn had come to the Island of Sodor. The leaves were changing from green to brown. The fields were changing too, from yellow stubble to brown earth.

As Thomas puffed along on his branch line with Annie and Clarabel, he heard



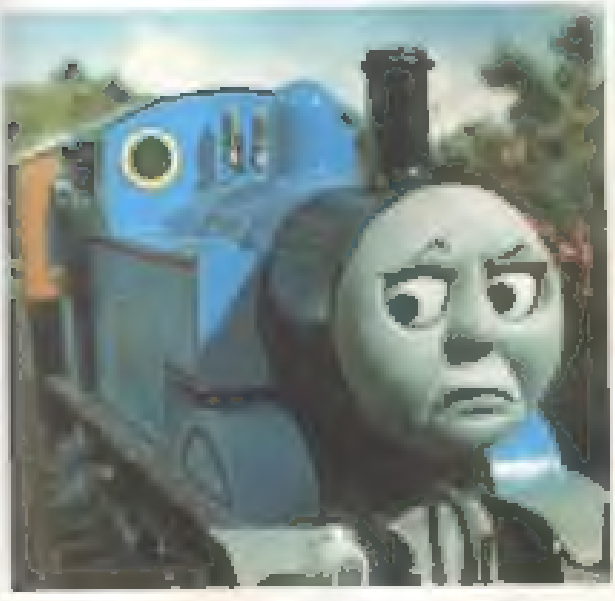
the "chug chug chug" of a tractor at work.

One day, stopping for a signal, he saw the tractor close by. "Hello!" said the tractor. "I'm Terence. I'm ploughing."

"Hello!" said Thomas. "I'm Thomas. I'm pulling a train. What ugly wheels you've got."

Terence said that his wheels were not ugly. "They're caterpillars!" he said. "I can go anywhere. I don't need rails."

"I don't want to go anywhere," said Thomas, huffily. "I like my rails, thank you."



Soon winter came with dark heavy clouds, full of snow. Thomas's driver didn't like it. "A heavy fall is coming," he said. "I hope it doesn't stop us."

"Pooh!" said Thomas. "Snow is silly soft stuff, nothing to it!" And he puffed on, taking no notice.

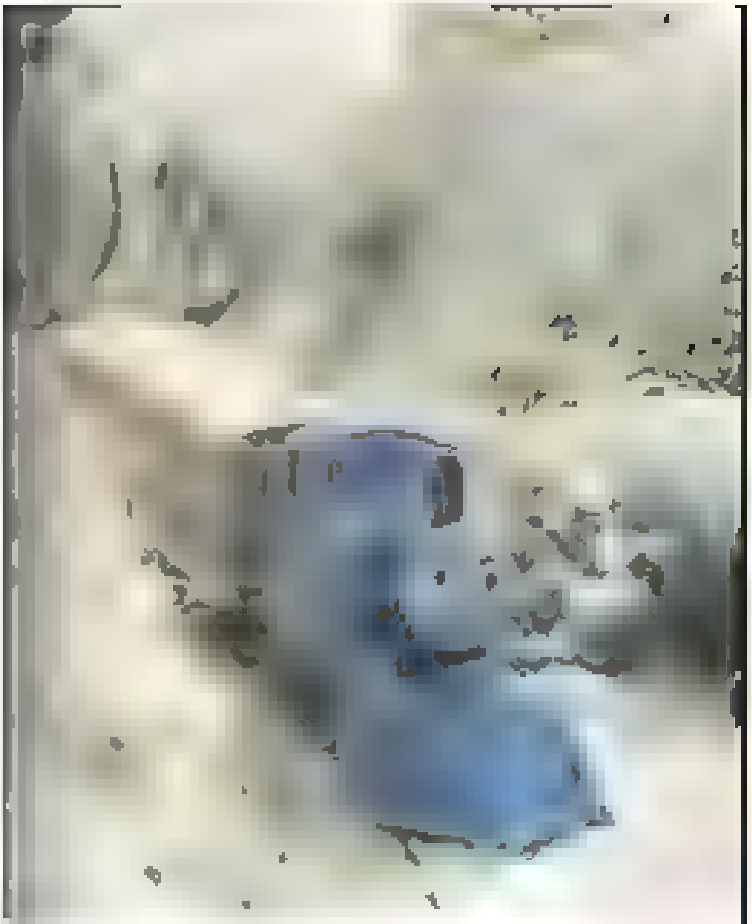
Thomas finished his journey safely but by now the fields were covered and the rails were two dark lines standing out in the white snow.

"You'll need your snow plough for the next journey, Thomas," said his driver.

"Pooh! Snow is silly soft stuff – it won't stop me!" Thomas snorted.

"Listen to me," said his driver. "We are going to put the snow plough on and I want no nonsense, please!"

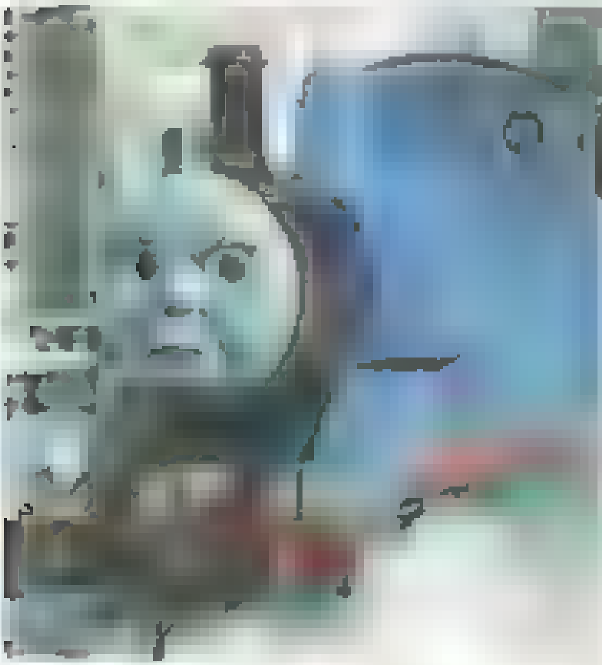
The snow plough was heavy and uncomfortable and made Thomas cross. He shook it and banged it and when they got back it was so damaged that the driver had to take it off.



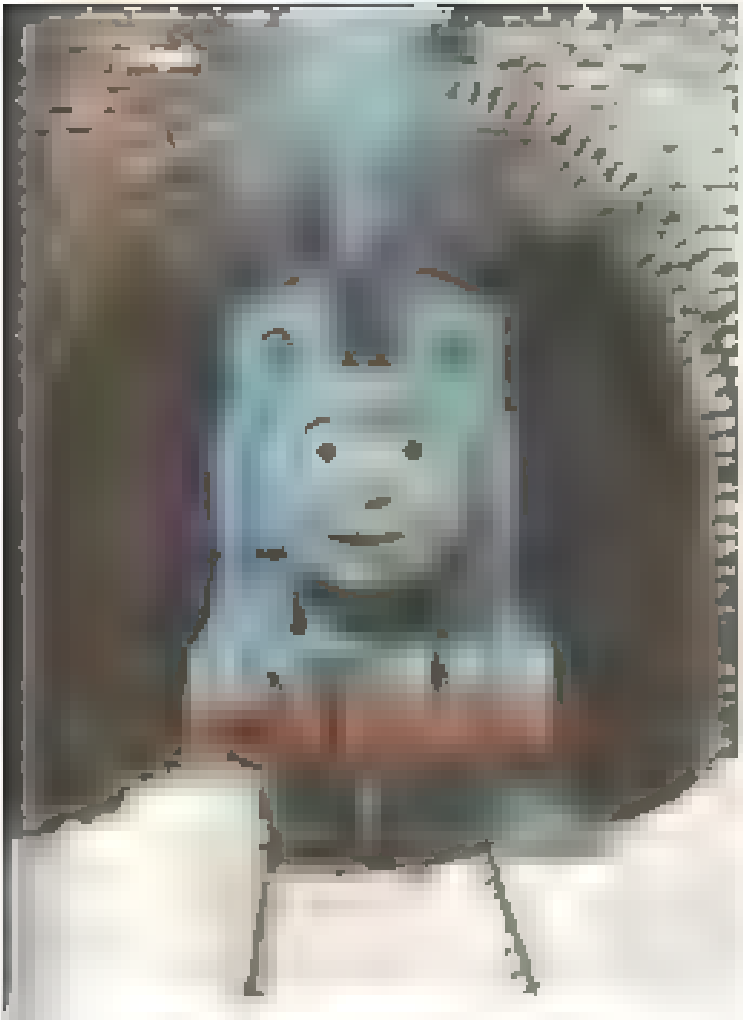
Next morning, Thomas's driver and fireman arrived early and worked hard to mend the snow-plough, but they were done [illegible] it.

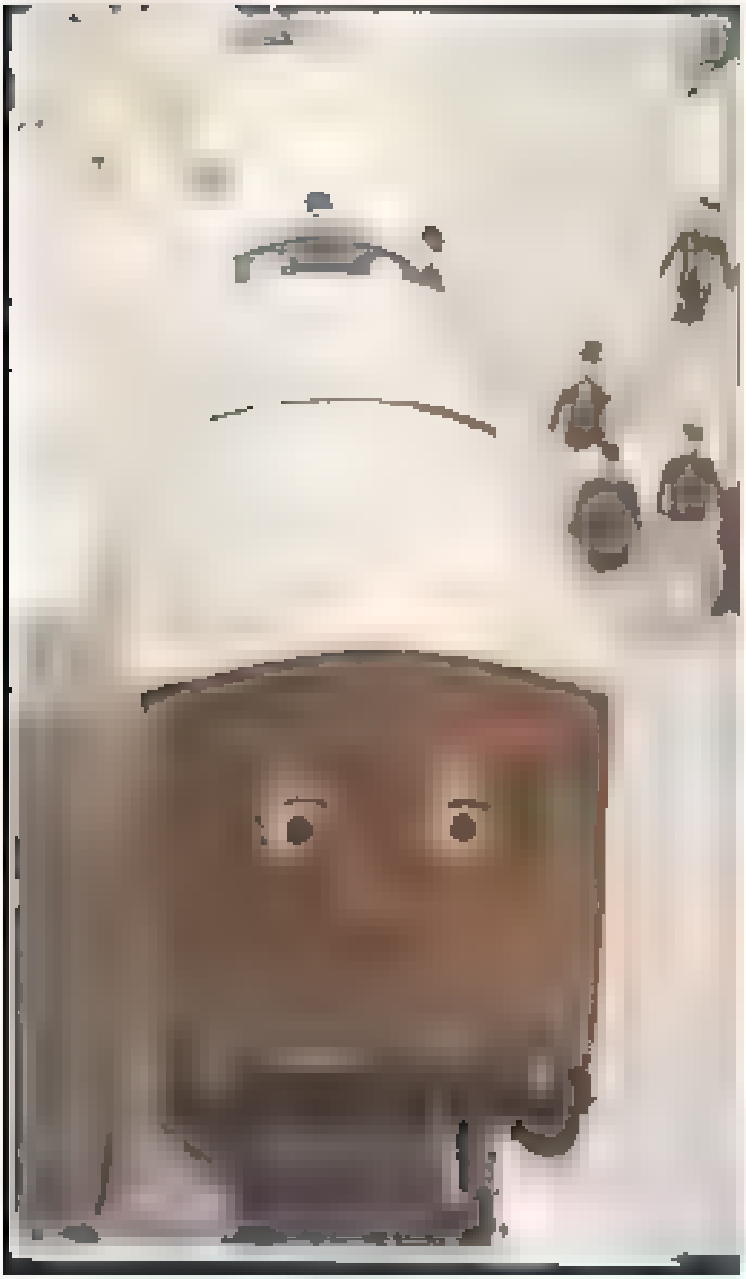
So [illegible] was time for the first train. [illegible] Thomas was pleased. [illegible] shan't have to [illegible] that [illegible] have [illegible] to wear [illegible] he [illegible]

It had been snowing again. Thomas started with his train [illegible] passengers [illegible] station [illegible] need that stupid old [illegible] yesterday, and [illegible] need a [illegible]



Thomas [illegible] the [illegible] how clever he was. But there was [illegible] head.





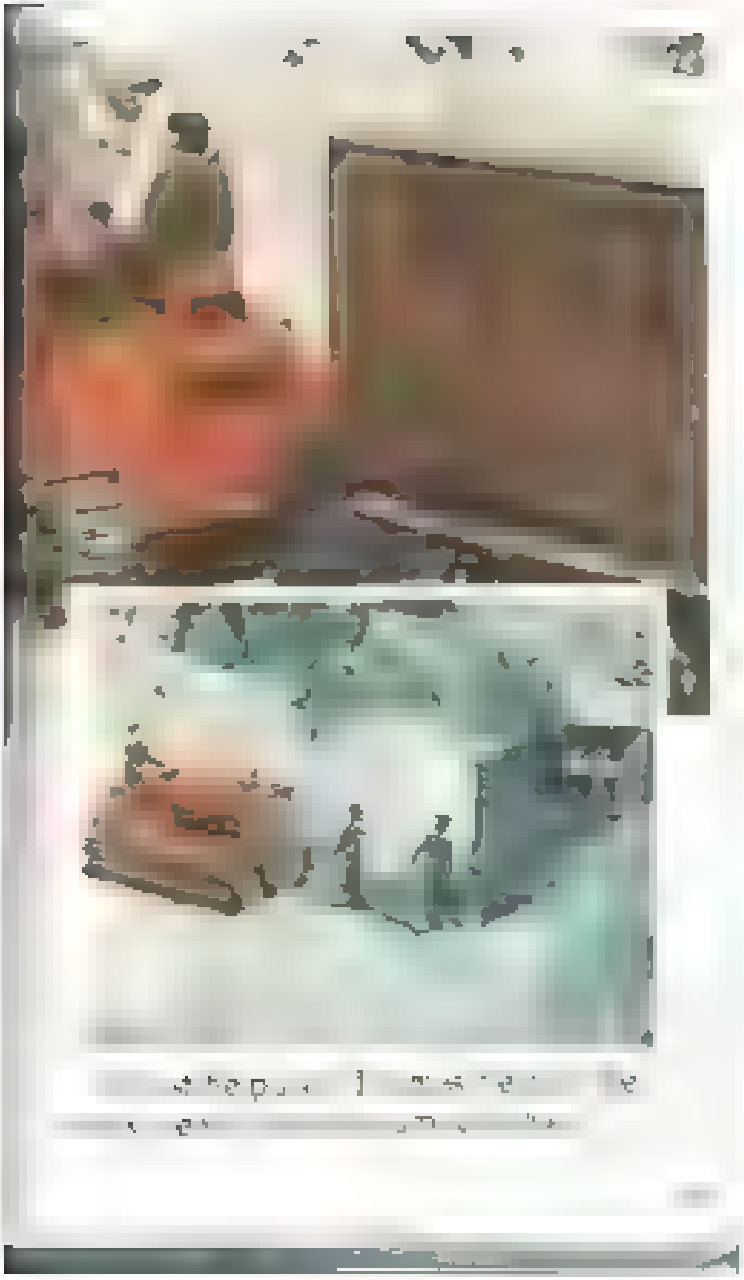
The guard [illegible] back for help while the [illegible] fireman and passengers tried to [illegible] snow away from Thomas's [illegible]. But as fast as they dug, more [illegible] slipped down and Thomas was nearly buried.

[illegible] My wheels [illegible] Thomas. I shall have to stop here [illegible] frozen. [illegible]

And Thomas [illegible]

At last a bus came to rescue all the passengers. Then Terence the tractor came chugging through the deep snow. Snow never worried him. He pulled the empty coaches away and came back for Thomas.

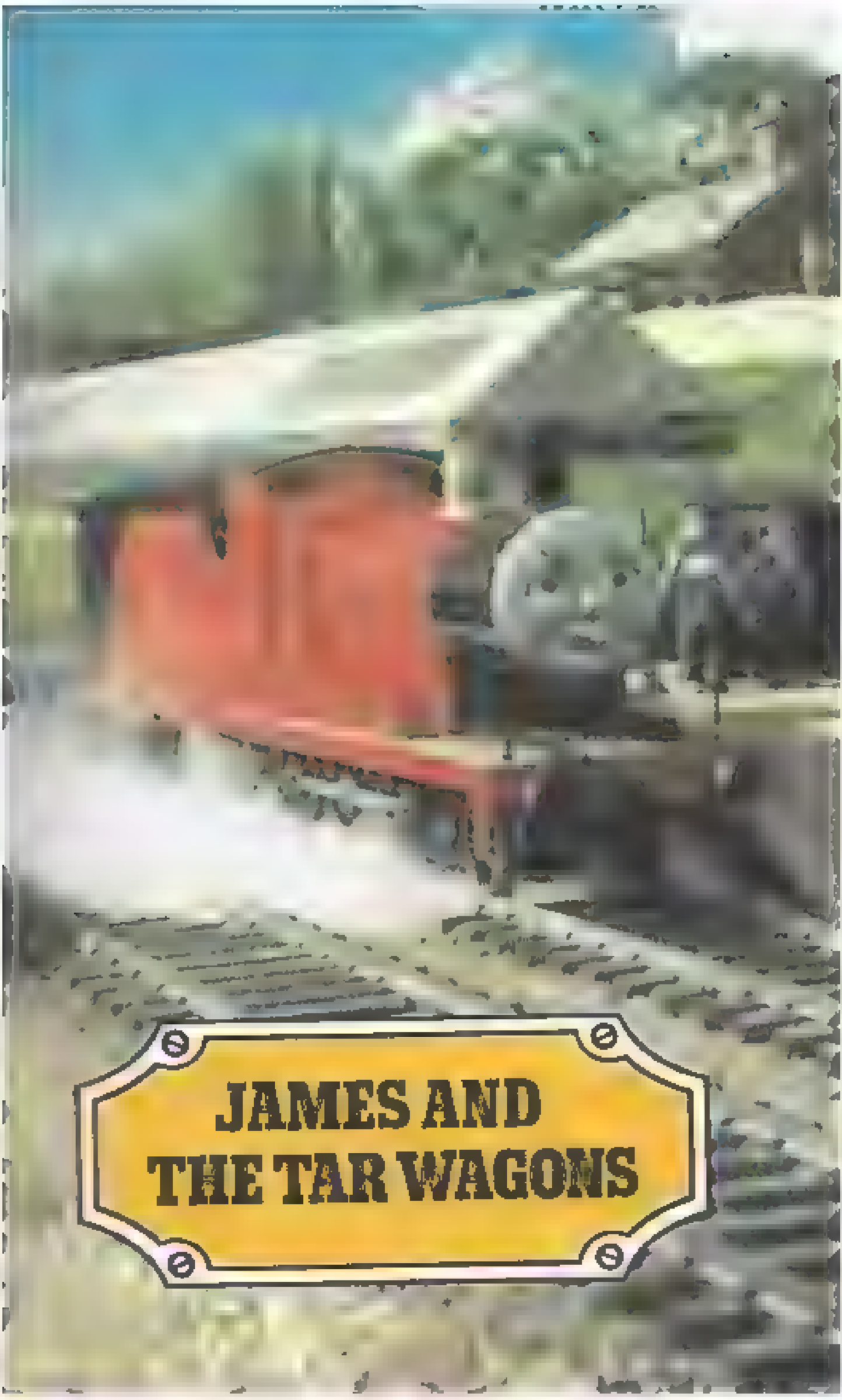
Thomas's wheels were clogged but they spun round and round when he tried to move. Terence tugged and slipped and slipped and tugged.



"Thank you, Terence, your caterpillars are splendid," said Thomas gratefully.

"I hope they will be sensible now, Thomas," said the driver crossly.

"I'll try," said Thomas as he puffed home.


JAMES AND
THE TAR WAGONS

James and the tar wagons

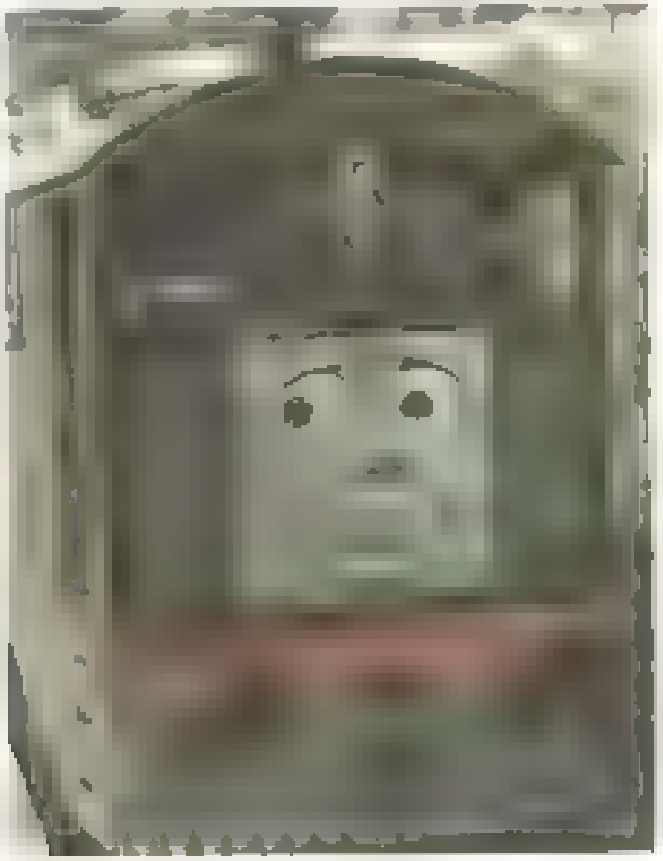
Tom is a ram engine. He is short and stout and has a coach called Henrietta. They are two of the best of Sodor.

Every morning they take the [illegible]
[illegible] meet James
at the junction

Toby and Henrietta look very old fashioned. They were shabby and needed new paint when they first came and James was rude whenever he saw them.

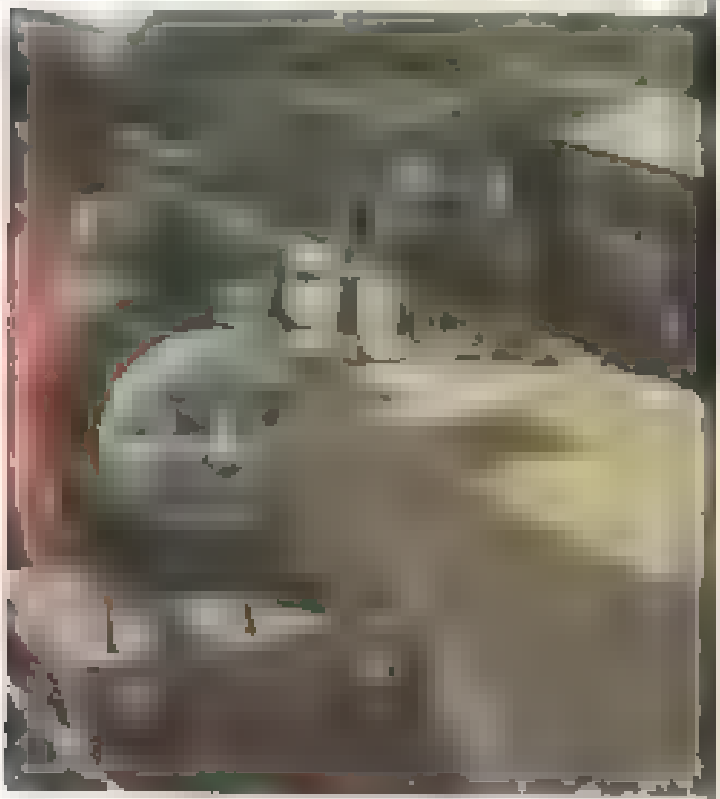
Ugh. What dirty objects! he would [illegible] as they passed by.

One day, Tom, lost patience. James [illegible] said, "Why are you red?"

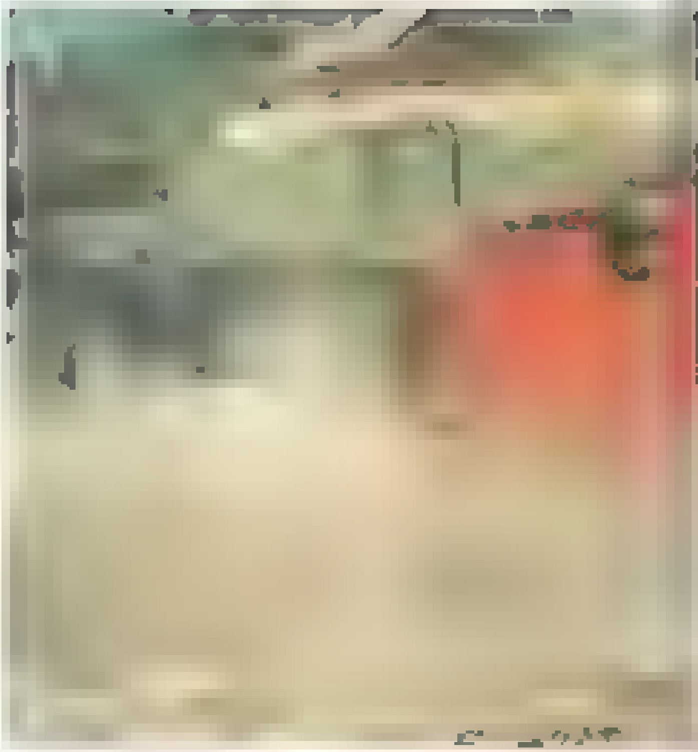


I am a splendid engine, replied James rather. I am ready for anything. You never see my paint dirty.

Oh, said Toby, innocently, that's why you once needed boatlaces – to be ready, I suppose.



James felt redder than ever and [illegible] was such an insult [illegible] he [illegible] when a passenger's [illegible] had been used to mend a hole [illegible] one of his coaches. And all because he had gone too fast.



At the end of the line James left his coaches and got ready for his next train. It was a slow goods, stopping at every station to pick up and set down trucks. James hated slow goods trains.

"Dirty trucks from dirty sidings," he grumbled.

Starting with only a few [illegible] picked up more and more [illegible] a long train.

At first, the tracks [illegible] well but [illegible] bumped [illegible] that they soon tended [illegible]

They went over the viaduct and it wasn't long before they reached the top of Gordon's hill. Heavy goods trains should wait there so that the guard can pin down their brakes. This stops the trucks pushing the engines too fast as they go down the hill.

James had had an accident with trucks once before on Gordon's hill. He should have remembered this.

Wait James wait said his friend but James would not wait. He was too busy thinking about what he would say to Toby when they next met.

Hurrah Hurrah laughed the trucks. They banged their buffers and pushed James down the hill. The guard tightened his brakes.

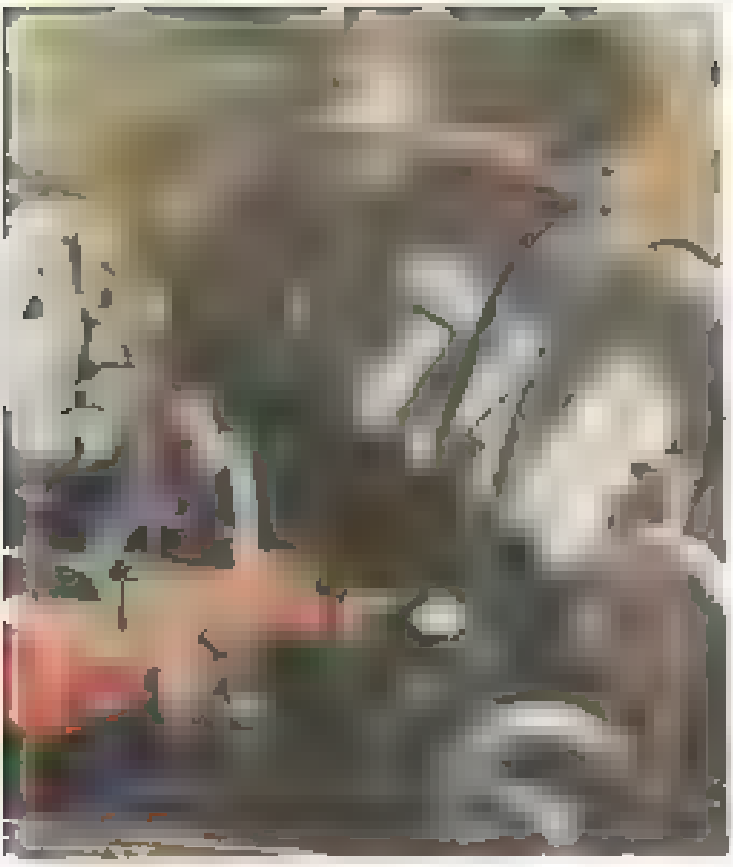
On! On! On! cried the trucks.

I've got to stop [illegible]
groaned [illegible]mes

They thumped [illegible]
and [illegible]ched [illegible]

There was a crash and something
[illegible] splashed all over James.

He had run into two car wagons and
[illegible] from smoke box to cab. The



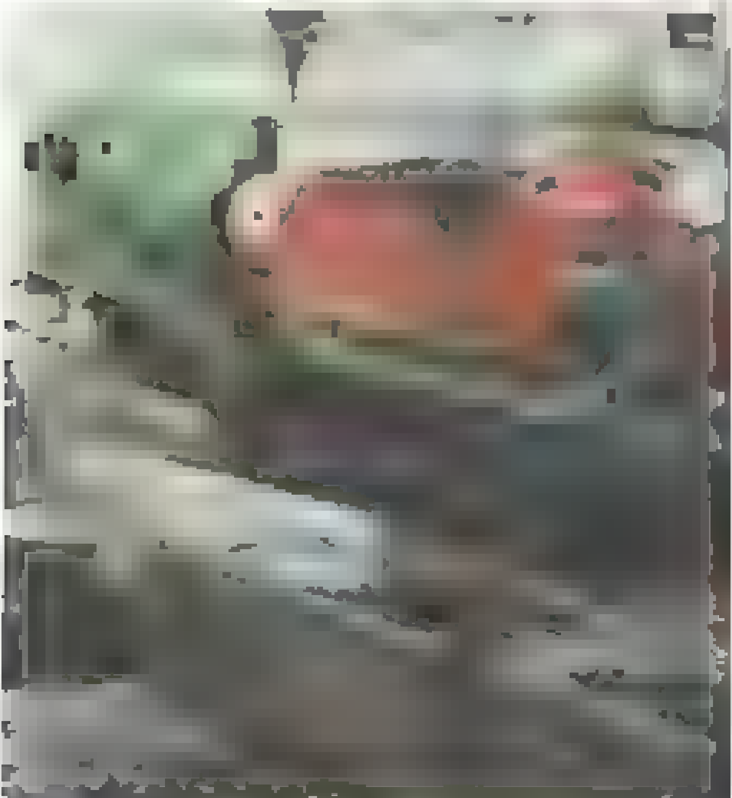
[illegible]

"[illegible] there, Percy," [illegible] Toby. [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] James [illegible] shape," said Toby. "[illegible] is a splendid red engine and [illegible] see his paint [illegible]

[illegible] see that he ha[illegible]



Toby and Percy cleared away the broken trucks and helped James home.

The Fat Controller came to meet them. 'Well done, Percy and Toby,' he said. [illegible]ing

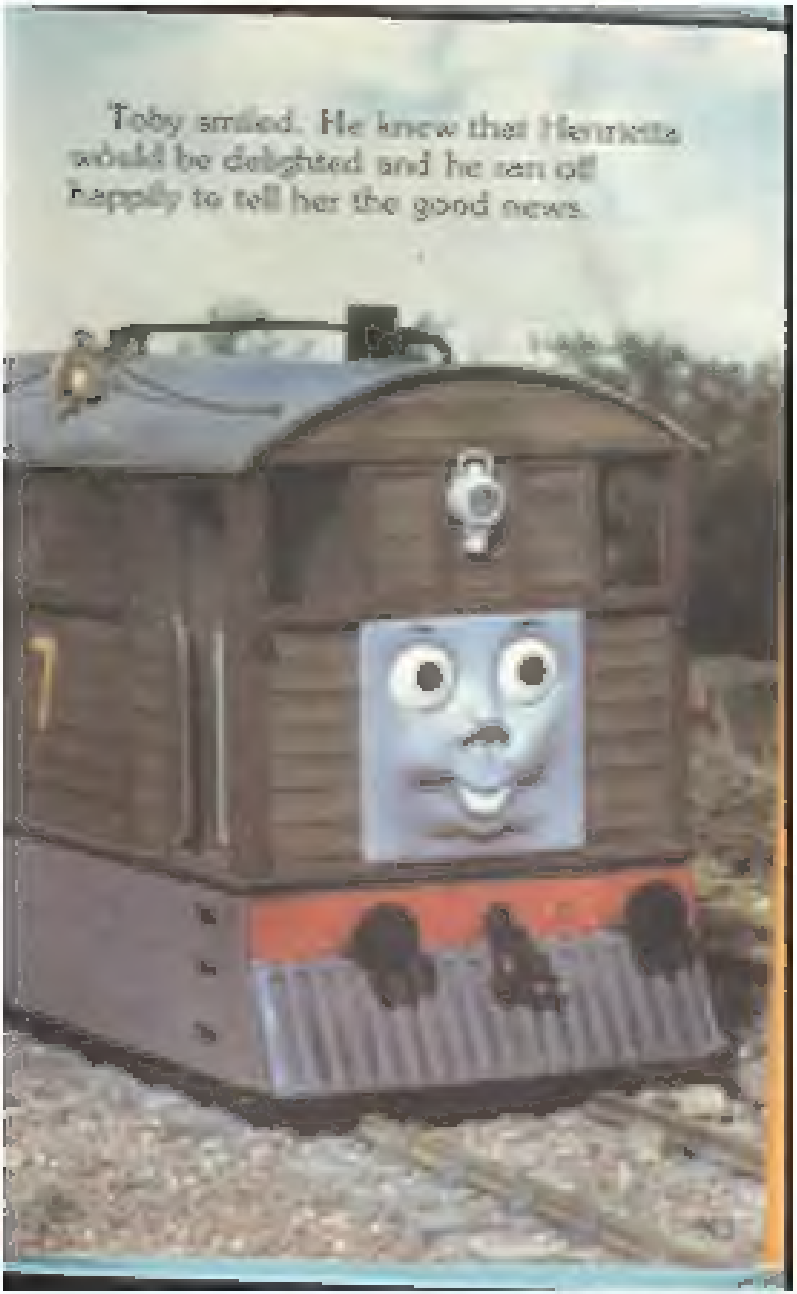
He turned to James. "Fancy letting your trucks run away. I am surprised! You're not fit to be seen; you must be cleaned at once," he said.

"Toby shall have a new coat of paint – chocolate and blue, I think," said the Fat Controller.

"Please, sir, can Henrietta have one too?" asked Toby.

"Certainly, Toby," said the Fat Controller. "She shall have brown, like Annie and Clarabel, Thomas's coaches."

Toby smiled. He knew that Henrietta would be delighted and he ran off happily to tell her the good news.



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